

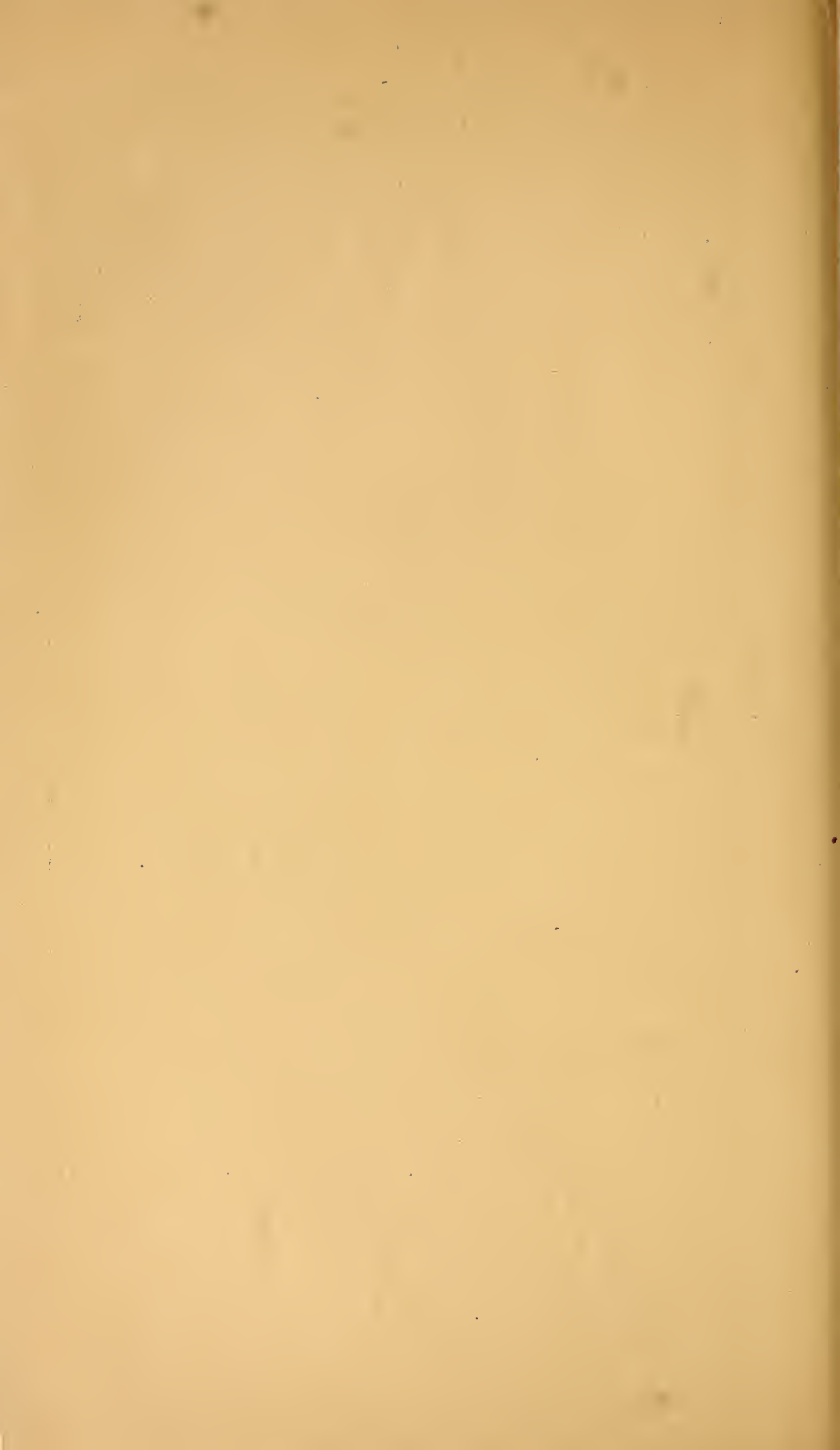


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FARMVILLE, VA.

E. Granger

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1919

THE
FOCUS



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Table of Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT:

To a Friend	<i>A. M.</i>	3
Marjory's Triumph	<i>Susie Watson</i>	4
Alma Mater	<i>E. D. E.</i>	7
War Is —	<i>Mary V. Rucker</i>	8
Autumn Leaves	<i>Mary Clark Bocock</i>	11
Two Boys' Hallowe'en	<i>Mary V. Forbes</i>	12
Hallowe'en Night	<i>Jeanette Edmunds</i>	14
How It Happened	<i>W. B.</i>	15
The Passing of Summer	<i>Jeanette Edmunds</i>	17
Why Clemenceau Holds the Confidence of the French People	<i>Mary V. Rucker</i>	19
In Memoriam	<i>Jane C. Slaughter</i>	25
God is Good	<i>Christine Shields</i>	30
A Tribute to Wilson	<i>Edith Estep</i>	32
When Billy Didn't Say His Prayers	<i>E. Estep</i>	33
Seize the Opportunity	<i>Frances Currie</i>	35

EDITORIALS:

The Literary Society Situation	<i>E. K. S.</i>	36
Better Speech Week	<i>H. D.</i>	38
Library Consideration	<i>E. D. E.</i>	39

HERE AND THERE	41
Y. W. C. A. NEWS	42
HIT OR MISS	44
EXCHANGES	46
DIRECTORY	47

THE FOCUS

VOL. IX

FARMVILLE, VA., OCT.-NOV., 1919.

NO. 1.

To a Friend

When darkness fills my being from within,
And spreads before me darkness as I go;
When all my days resound with troublous din,
And all my thoughts are doubts of so and so;
When I would curse my lot as far too mean,
And seek to turn me from my Maker's sight;
When duties, all that ill-performed have been,
Troop back and turn the present into blight;
When I can hardly bear the thought of life,
And weary nights, and days without a sun—
All filled with luckless labor, useless strife,
And drearer knowledge of a thousand things
 undone;
—If then a thought of *thee* break through my
 sighs,
The sun shines fair again within my skies.

—A. M.

Majorie's Triumph



THE little brown schoolhouse on the hill was being rapidly crowded to its utmost capacity. Fathers had stopped their work on the farm and proud mothers had dropped all domestic duties to attend the closing exercises of the Oakdale School. Whole families had gathered there, including all the members, from the married brothers and sisters down to the babies still in arms.

The little unpainted room, usually so bare and unattractive, was bright with masses of fresh white daisies and cool, dark green ferns, while here and there little girls in their best white dresses and gay colored ribbons moved to and fro, impatiently waiting the beginning of the program. The boys were dressed in their "best bib and tucker." They had discarded their overalls for Sunday suits and many of them were very conscious of the fact that they were even wearing shoes and stockings for the grand occasion.

Miss Bessie, the schoolmistress, in a neat shirtwaist suit, starched until it would have stood alone, assumed an air of authority and outward composure. Inwardly she felt possessed of some strange foreboding that all might not go well—but what had she to fear? Each child knew his part perfectly, and there was Majorie, the most advanced pupil in school and the joy of her life. At all events, Majorie would uphold the honor of the school. She had taken part in things before. Besides, this time she herself had given Majorie special private training in order that the people of Oakdale might for once be shown what real literature was. Majorie was going to recite "Gray's Elegy."

Meanwhile Majorie was the center of attraction. The girls and boys gathered about her and whispered admiringly, "Speak that piece good, Majorie."

"My, don't she look fine in them new slippers and all them ruffles and curls."

"Tom ain't set eyes on you yet, Majorie, since you come in."

"Go 'long, Tom. Miss Bessie sent for you to help her fix something for the platform."

Majorie looked down at herself with satisfaction as she smoothed out a ruffle and rearranged for the twenty-third time the ribbon that tied back her light curls. "Are my curls in place?" she questioned anxiously. Then confidently, "I know my piece perfectly. I said it over six times this morning without making a single mistake. Oh! oh! Stand back little Jim. Don't you dare get a speck of dirt on my new white slippers."

The group quickly dispersed as Miss Bessie suddenly announced that each pupil would take his seat. They were ready to begin.

The younger pupils appeared first and in spite of one or two minor mistakes did great credit to themselves and to the teacher, receiving, as they left the platform, a hearty applause from the appreciative audience. Then the older pupils played their parts and likewise came off with honors. Majorie's part was reserved for the grand conclusion of the program. Her number would add the final merit to the afternoon entertainment. Miss Bessie now had a satisfied feeling that this was the crowning day of success in the history of the little school.

At last Majorie's turn came. She gave her hair ribbon a last twist and her sash one more touch as she walked upon the platform and took her exact place, ready to begin. Miss Bessie stood aside, her face aglow with the pleasant anticipation as Majorie Brown, the pride of the school, was about to be presented.

Then the curtain was pulled. There was a moment of breathless silence. Not a sound broke the stillness. Majorie attempted to begin but not a word could she utter. The color rose and faded in Miss Bessie's cheeks. She was even too overcome to give the cue. Majorie still stood speechless and motionless, conscious only of her new clothes, of Tom, and of a sea of faces before her.

Another moment, and Miss Bessie frantically pulled the curtain. Then the greatest storm of applause of the afternoon burst

from the audience. Tom sought out the disappointed Majorie and exclaimed exultingly: "I was surprised that you didn't say nothing, Majorie, but you just ought to have heard what the folks all said about you. They said that was the prettiest tableau they had ever seen in all their lives and they didn't wonder that Miss Bessie give you that part. Anybody could take a plain speaking part but there ain't another girl around here that could a' looked beautiful like that, just like a wax figure in a fine show window."

SUSIE WATSON.

Alma Mater

I love the ivy-covered walls,
The winding steps, the arched halls,
The classic rooms where duty calls.
Oh! Alma Mater!

I love the campus, smooth and green,
The trees where sunbeams dance between,
Making your robe, oh! lovely queen!
Oh! Alma Mater!

I love the arcades, secret bound,
Where softest whispers and laughter sound,
The vines, a fairy veil around.
Oh! Alma Mater!

I love the spirit pervading there,
The noble dignity, the quiet air,
The gentle graciousness everywhere.
Oh! Alma Mater!

I love the best the influence sweet
Teaching us to love and help and great
All those whom on life's road we meet.
Oh! Alma Mater!

Great things you teach, great things you do,
May we be to your influence true,
Led always by the spirit of You,
Oh! Alma Mater!

—E. D. E.

“War Is —”

“**I**S THIS the right road to Berlin?”

Peggy, startled into consciousness, looked up and found her gaze fastened in the merriest brown eyes she had ever seen.

“Why—why—I think you’re on your way!” Peggy couldn’t hide the smile that was playing on her lips.

“I hope so! I’ve been wild to get a shot at Kaiser Bill for over a year and we have been waiting for orders for months and months. What is the name of this town, anyway?”

“Warrentown.” Peggy’s low, Southern voice seemed to caress the word.

“It’s some town. You know I like your South very much. I’m from New Jersey.”

Really? I thank you, but I can’t say I like the North, since I’ve never been there. I am fond of our Southland, too.”

Peggy paused and glanced away. Why should she stand here and talk to this man, a perfect stranger? True, the other girls were talking and laughing on the trains bound for parts of embarkation, but she didn’t like the familiarity of it.

She started as though to leave when the voice of the soldier arrested her movement. “Please don’t go! Stay and talk to me till we leave. I’ll try not to bore you!”

Who could resist those merry, yet pleading brown eyes and that happy smile? Peggy smiled back.

“O, very well! But I don’t know what to talk about. Are you interested in the Liberty Loan Drive?”

“Yes, indeed, but——” the ever-ready smile again made its appearance. Let’s talk about something unusual. You, for instance!”

“Me? Why I’m just one of hundreds of girls. Let’s talk about you.”

“Age before beauty, eh? Well, I’m twenty-six years old, was born in New Jersey; went to a prep school after finishing high

school and then entered Princeton. After I graduated there I worked as an electrical engineer until war was declared and enlisted the day after the call for volunteers. Now, it's your turn."

"I am eighteen years young, was born here and have lived here all of my life. I have had one year at college and when I finish I am going to come back here, and——"

"And live happily ever afterwards? I wonder what I'll do?"

"O, you'll come sailing home with a medal or two, probably a French bride and lots of souvenirs" (Peggy's eyes showed that she doubted seriously her prophecy about the bride).

"Not for me! Give me an American girl, preferably a fair daughter of the South. Please, won't you write to me while I am "over there?"

"Oh!" Her exclamation bespoke her great surprise at this sudden question.

"Come! Try me once, and if you don't like it, we'll call it quits."

"All right!" Peggy gave him her address, received his card containing his; and then wished she had not done so. Before she could speak and take back her hastily given promise, the train had started; she had waved "Good-bye;" and he was gone.

Two days later Peggy received a special delivery letter from Camp Mills. It closed, "May I expect a letter before I sail? Yours in hopes, Harry Shelton, Lieutenant."

Mother, it's from the lieutenant I told you about! Isn't it a nice letter? Suppose I send him a special to be sure that he gets it before he leaves?"

Mrs. Kent consented because she had a boy "Somewhere in France" and her heart went out to all men in uniform.

Peggy sent the letter. A week, two weeks, a month, two months passed and she did not hear. Could he have failed to receive her letter? Was he wounded or probably killed? She shuddered at the thought.

Then one day she received three letters from France. After that Peggy wrote regularly to her strange friend. He was in the

battle at Chateau-Thierry, where he was badly wounded. While he was in the hospital the girl wrote several times a week, enclosing clippings, and little pictures of herself and school friends in her letters.

One day, as she was busily trying to get ready for her commencement exercises, which were to take place that night, she received the following telegram: "Landing to-day. Is there a welcome for me in the South? Harry."

Peggy sent a message saying, "Welcome to the U. S., and to Warrentown. Peg."

* * * * *

Several months later at a reception held in the honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shelton, Peggy's brother, to the amusement of all those present, asked, "Peg, what is War?"

Blushing prettily and looking at her happy husband, the bride laughingly said, "War is—Romance!"

—MARY V. RUCKER.

Autumn Leaves

Drifting, drifting, drifting,
Gold and red and brown,
Through the fragrant weather
Leaves are coming down;
Each with a tiny rustle
Sinks into its bed,
Making Persian carpets
For the rabbit's tread;
Like the sky at dawning,
Like the sunshine ray,
Filling lazy hours
With their bright display.
How the mighty Painter
In his work of Art
Colored all the woodland,
Blended every part.
But the leaves are falling
Slowly down together,
Causing rainbow curtains
In October weather;
And I hear an echo,
Just the faintest sigh,
Drifting from bare branches
As the leaves float by.
Sweet and sad and lovely
Autumn glides away,
And the sky grows silver
And the hill grows grey.
And the leaves of autumn
Crumble to decay.

—MARY CLARK BOCOCK.

Two Boys' Hallowe'en

"' **L** O, JIM!"



"'LO, NED!"

"You goin' to the Hallowe'en party tonight?"

"I gotter go. You goin'?"

"Yes, I got to go, too."

"I think it's mean makin' us go. Lucille Smith is the biggest cry baby in school. All the fellers will laugh at us goin' to her house. Paul Brown is the only other boy'll be there an' he's too sissy to live."

Jim and Ned gazed disconsolately at the ground for a few minutes, suddenly Jim's eyes brightened. Looking around to see that no one could hear, he said in an undertone.

"Don't let's go, Ned."

"How're we goin' to keep from it?" Ned questioned.

"Just get ready an' then go somewhere else."

Ned grinned comprehensively.

An hour later two immaculately dressed and very uncomfortable little boys met at Jim's gate. Jim's mother was standing on the porch.

"Good-bye, dear. Don't forget to tell Lucille that you had a good time," she called after Jim.

"Yes'm," Jim answered. "Where we goin', Ned?"

"Let's go 'round an' see what Harry's doin'."

Harry was several years Jim's and Ned's senior and their revered hero. Harry was not at home. They wandered the village over, but all of the older boys had gone to grown-up parties. Finally as there was nothing else for them to do they drifted toward the Smith home, from which music and childish laughter floated. Stealthily they crept up to the window and looked in. The room was filled with a soft red light. From dusky corners wierd looking objects with yellow grinning faces and tall white bodies peered. In the center of the room the table was laid in true Hallowe'en style. Jim and Ned had not felt any more than

their usual hunger until they saw that table, but their appetites were instantly beyond their control.

Sounds of merry-making came from the room beyond; the dining-room was vacant. Jim looked at Ned.

"Let's do it," whispered Ned as if he had read Jim's thoughts. Noiselessly they climbed into the window.

"Take things that won't be noticed," warned Jim.

For almost ten minutes they ate. Jim forgot his own advice to Ned; they forgot everything but the feast before them.

The door opened suddenly. Neither Jim nor Ned had heard any sound until they looked up and saw Mrs. Smith standing in the door. She stared at them and they at her. The boys grew more frightened as the seconds went by and Mrs. Smith's astonishment changed to anger. Presently walking around the table she took both of them by the shoulders. "Both of you march straight home," she snapped, "I'm going to telephone to your mothers at once."

The next day Jim and Ned met on the street. They both looked serious.

"Lo, Jim, what did you get last night when you got home?"

"A lickin.' Pa met me half way. Did you?"

"I sure did. That was good cake, though, won't it?"

"You bet," calmly answered Jim.

MARY V. FORBES.

Hallowe'en Night

Beware! beware! ye mortal folk,
And listen to what I shall say:
Tis Hallowe'en night, the stars give us light,
And the witches shall have their way.
From behind each bush and from behind each tree
A hobgoblin is watching you;
So don't peep around and don't make a sound,
They'll carry you off if you do.

Your black cat is changed to a weird old witch
Who rides on a broom through the air.
She's on her way and long before day
She'll reach the evil one's lair.
She is shrouded in black from her head to her feet,
But her eyes are as white as snow;
If you don't watch out and know what you're about,
It will surely be your woe.

To a dark damp place where no mortals have been
And the screech owl hoots and wails,
And the rushes cry, they sigh, they die,
The old witch silently sails.
So beware! beware! on Hallowe'en night
When a weird laugh strikes your ear,
The witch is about, the goblins are out,
And things are very queer.

J. EDMUNDS.

How It Happened

THE morning had been a rainy one in one of the large cities of Virginia. However the streets were crowded and there was much going and coming, bumping of umbrellas and rushing for street cars. The working people and the shopping people were going home for dinner.

Dick Fore, a handsome young man and a prominent young banker, was standing in the doorway of the bank observing the streets. Many a hardy laugh he enjoyed, for he had a broad sense of humor and all of us who have been observers know there are many amusing sights to be seen on Main street any day, most of all a rainy day. Suddenly Fore lost all sight of this, for in the crowd hidden under an umbrella he had gotten a glimpse of a familiar face. Yes, he was certain it was she, Miss Rosa Lee Lewis, whom he had met at a summer resort the previous season. He began to follow her as fast as his thoughts did, dodging between the throngs, making a chase to end he knew not where. His thoughts were in a turmoil, running about like this, "I must see her. What is she doing here. She said she lived up North. I have looked for her in vain. I mustn't lose my last chance."

He reached the corner just in time to see the object of his search move away on a crowded street car and to hear her call back to the girl she left on the corner, "If you need my help while I am gone, call 4132."

Again she had slipped out of his reach but, ah, the happy thought came to him that she really wasn't lost for he had her 'phone number. He looked for his pencil to write the number down but he couldn't find it.

"Oh, I'll remember it," he said to himself. So he kept saying over and over, "4132, 4132, 4132."

On his way back to the bank he stopped in a restaurant to get his lunch. For once he made a quick job of it, and was in his private office a few minutes later.

He picked up the receiver and gave his number. After what seemed an age to him a faint hello came from the other end.

"May I speak to Miss Lewis," he asked.

"Wait a minute, sir."

He really was going to talk to the one once more whom he had dreamed of these many days and nights. What he would say he did not know or care. All he could think of then was her. He heard the receiver lifted.

"Dis here am Miss Jones's boarding house, but dere ain't no Miss Lewis here."

Had he heard aright, could it be possible that he had forgotten that number? He was stunned. All was lost. Then a ray of hope came to him. He knew the number contained a three, a one, a two and a four. This he was certain of without a doubt. He then saw it was the series 1, 2, 3, 4. He began to think and found that out of them he could make twenty-four different numbers. He was beginning to breathe more freely for he had another chance. He was sure he would find her out of the twenty-four numbers.

He had called number after number without any result till finally he thought he must have the wrong figures. He had two more numbers. He would call them, if they failed he was lost. He picked up the receiver once more and gave his number.

"Please tell me who you are trying to get, maybe I can help you." This came from central.

"I am trying to get Miss Rosa Lee Lewis."

"This is she."

"You, what are you doing there?"

"If you can tell me with what right you ask such a question, perhaps I will answer you."

"Rosa, please don't talk like that to me. This is Dick Fore, have you forgotten?"

"Of course I haven't. I couldn't very well forget last summer. As for what I am doing here, I am demonstrating a new switch board."

W. B.

The Passing of Summer

The leaves are turning red and gold,
And fluttering to the ground;
The sun a mellow garment throws
On Nature all around.
The insect voices are loud and shrill,
As they pipe their autumn cry;
In sharp defiance they mock the breeze
Which sayest, "Thou soon must die."

The proud red rose droops her head
And faints on her haughty stem.
O shame that she too must pass away,
Fair Summer's radiant gem!
As the bride of Summer, Spring ushered her in
When the skies were softest blue,
But Summer has been called to a distant clime,
So his mate must follow him, too.

Their children, the pansies and daisies fair,
Violets and buttercups sweet
Have languished and faded fast away
And lie senseless beneath my feet.
The gorgeous butterfly no longer lights
On some fragrant jasmine flower;
They both have following in Summer's wake,
For they belong to her sweet bower.

Refreshing dews come each night
And bid Nature survive and live;
But Nature's dying aspect
Is the only answer she can give.
So quietly she yields her last sweet breath,
So silently she steals away,

We scarcely know when the change takes place
And she yields to the sceptre's sway.

Though Summer has gone with her flowery train
And Winter shall soon take her place,
We know that next year she'll come smiling back
In all her beauty and grace.

—J. EDMUNDS.

Why Clemenceau Holds the Confidence of the French People

BEFORE we can really understand and appreciate all that Clemenceau has done, is doing and will continue to do, we hope, for the French people, it is necessary that we review his life.

The father of Georges Clemenceau was a country doctor in a village of Vendee, a man of great determination and will power. He was a Republican of the deepest dye, for he was anti-royalist and anti-clerical to the extent of refusing to let his children be Christened, even in a district where religious antagonism were so marked. It must not be inferred that Clemenceau's father had these opinions bequeathed him—on the contrary his family was entirely on the other side, belonging to the aristocracy of the province and being able to support its claims by seals and charters. But the medical schools of the early part of the nineteenth century were hot-beds of atheism, and a physician who retained some religious belief was regarded as a phenomenon. So Dr. Clemenceau boasted of belonging to the school of advanced ideas and enjoyed the consciousness of it.

Into such a home and such belief Georges Clemenceau, the future leader of France, was born in 1841. Circumstances must also have helped to make a resolute partisan of the boy, for in 1852, when the Second French Republic was brought to an end by Prince Louis Bonaparte, he was eleven years of age; a bright, intelligent boy, who manifested great interest in all discussions which he must have heard in the environment in which he was being reared. Doubtless he was influenced by such happenings.

About this time Clemenceau was sent to the lycee at Nantes to go through the classical course, which was the universal rule in those days. He was a good scholar and must have enjoyed his classics, as even now he frequently quotes the Greeks. The lycées

were, in those days, patronized by Republican families in preference to Catholic schools, because their teaching staff was secular and a few professors were actually against Napoleon. But even there the son of a Republican was conscious of being watched and disliked as a future agitator. So this atmosphere produced irritation and dare-devil recklessness in such a boy as was father to the Clemenceau of to-day.

When he was twenty-three years old Clemenceau failed to take the proper precaution when denouncing the Imperial regime in the cafés and he, consequently spent seventy-three days in a penitentiary. He did not profit by his misfortune and continued to proclaim the Republic until the authorities, shocked at his insistence, struck his name from the rolls of the Paris Medical School.

Then it was that Clemenceau took a ship for America, where he spent four years. He supported himself while in the United States by teaching French in a young ladies' school in Hartford, Conn. That he was liked by his students was shown by the fact that he sailed for France in 1868 accompanied by a young American wife. He was unchanged by his sojourn in America, save for the knowledge he gained of the English language, which stood him in good stead during the great war.

He settled in Paris and went back to his interrupted studies. After a year of study he took his degree and immediately looked for patients in Montmartre district. Here it was that he took advantage of his profession to give a political significance to his hatred of the Imperial government, the Church, and its supporters. He adopted the platform for equal franchise, proportional taxation and the transfer of authority to the people, and sprang into notoriety almost at a leap. He, who had been walking the hospitals one year before, had become mayor of Montmartre in 1870.

Let us next study Clemenceau, the Man, that we may gain an insight into the character of this, the most picturesque figure in France.

By defeating Jean Jaures and the Socialists in 1906, Clemenceau was placed beside Theodore Roosevelt as one of the few statesmen of genius. The picture of his presiding over so important a department as the Ministry of the Interior on the eve of a national election was regarded as the paralysis of the whole French government. But Clemenceau had always understood the obligations of accepting a position of trust and endeavored at all times to do what was most important for the safety of his country, with no other aim or desire.

Some one has said that Clemenceau is loved because he has grasped with a firm hand the long trail of political treason in France. Thanks to him, that country breathes more freely and the Allies have won the victory! The name of Clemenceau will forever be attached inseparably to the history of this war, to the solid and lasting peace for the welfare of humanity, and the carrying on of human progress and civilization, due to his sterling traits as a statesman. He is a man of dogged purpose and deep-rooted cynicism, cool and pointed, firm at all times and a man whose mind hates to exist in a state of uncertainty. He makes up his mind in a flash and is said never to take time to reconsider. He is certainly a compact of common sense and clear-sightedness; a man with a very obstinate fighting mind and a stubborn self-will. Is it, then, unusual that Clemenceau holds the confidence of the French people and sits in their Chamber?

As an orator, Clemenceau is, by far, the most picturesque figure in France. The *Paris-Gaulois* says: "His energy at seventy-six is equal to that of Samson at twenty." His voice thunders, his words flow and gestures accentuate his points. His dark eyes sparkle and flash, his bald head seems as polished as ivory and as enduring as granite, his mustache bristles, as he scolds and storms in the Chamber. His epigrams are pointed and different, and his metaphors vivid, while no lack of keenness in his wonderful memory forces him to abandon his inveterate habit of speaking without notes. His disposition and personal characteristics justify now, more than ever, the title of "Le Tigre." He lowers, glares,

pauses in the tribute as though he would spring forth from it upon the listening deputies below, reduced to the silence of school boys. In the end he comes down from his perch, lopes heavily through the isle and is gone, leaving an abashed Chamber well berated.

This is the man as we see him to-day—the leader of France. But we must not forget that one of the greatest periods of Clemenceau's life was the period just following his rise and fall in the political world of France, a period in which he devoted his time to study and writing.

During the twenty-five years after he was made mayor of Montmartre his influence and prowess were so evident that it seemed as if nothing was sacred for Clemenceau or proof against his whims. In this time not one cabinet fell while he tolerated it, none lasted long after he became tired of it, and in most instances he was seen bringing the whole fabric down with a flourish of his pen or with one of his crushing speeches. He got whomever he liked elected as president and kept whomever he disliked from the magistracy. A legend was created which showed him as a dilettante of destruction and a man who reveled in exercising his power against friends as well as foes, and he was dubbed "*Le Tigre*"—"The Tiger."

Such was the attitude of Clemenceau and the impression of the world about him when, in 1893, the Panama scandal filled the world with disgust. M. de Lesseps had founded a party to dig the celebrated canal and nine hundred million francs of French savings had gone into it. It was found, after a few years, that two-thirds of this sum had been spent in advertising or auxiliary jobs, while a large amount had been paid to one hundred and four French deputies to secure their good will. While the name of Clemenceau was not on the fatal list, the corrupt deputies were members of his party and as a result, Clemenceau, for the first time in many years, did not have a seat in the Chamber.

During the nine years he was kept out of the French parliament he had no means of influence except his pen. Seven of the

fourteen volumes that he published revealed a very different Clemenceau from the man his people had been led to imagine. He had talent, it is true, but the value of his writings is material, not literary. They possess irony, sarcasm, wit and a golden style, which display his broad and reflective sympathy with the disinherited and the oppressed. Through these works he revealed himself as a good-humored, almost good-natured man, a man who condescended to show feeling and prove to the world that he could construct as well as destruct.

It was through his writings that the citizens of France began to realize the strength of this marvelous old man, and in 1917 they called him back into the political world as Master of France.

Clemenceau had lived in seclusion in his home on Franklin Rue and had become a senator in 1902. His influence had been felt more and more, until, in 1906, he became Minister of the Interior and later Premier. He held the reins until 1909, beating the records of all governments since 1871. During this time of crisis he stood for order and patriotism and resisted Germany as if he felt sure he could beat her, if the occasion arose.

Was it, then, a mystery that in 1917, after this marvelous record, that Clemenceau again became Prime Minister of France.

The patriot is to-day extinguishing the Jacobin, and the gentleman of Vendée prevails over all else at this time. Nor is Clemenceau without sympathy and understanding for his fellow men. Was it not he who quieted the threatening strikers and held the country together during the great crisis? Did he not, as the first step when coming into office in November, 1917, create a new ministry, that of the Liberated Regions and thus, by defying the on-coming German hordes, prove to France that he had absolute confidence in the final result? He, in a way, restored the backbone of France. And in return, what did he gain? The full confidence and hope of the French people, for their country was placed in the hands of their wonderful leader. The burden of the power is carried by Clemenceau because France, which likes

to be ruled, has been quick to recognize in him a ruler and leader of the most congenial type.

When on the eighteenth of February Emile Cottin tried to take the life of the one man in French politics, the people refused to believe that the would-be murderer was a Frenchman; it seemed incredible that one of their brothers could conspire so basely against their "Hope and Salvation," as Clemenceau is-regarded by them.

The "grand old man" has his faults—all great men have—but they are far outbalanced by his sterling traits. He has a hatred for all low things and low souls. "He is all at once very new France, very old France, very much eternal France." Emphatically French in speech, mentality, manner, and dress, he is proud to be a Frenchman and proud to hold the confidence of the people. His over-ruling passion is patriotism. The love of France and all French tradition has been to him what a definite creed is to others.

Is it, then, to be marveled at that the name of Clemenceau should go down forever in the history of France, along with that of Joffre and Petain?

MARY RUCKER.

In Memoriam

BY JANE C. SLAUGHTER, 1916.

THESE poems were written in memory of my nephew, Lieutenant Vivian Slaughter, of the 20th London's Regiment of Infantry (my boy whom I brought up in my girlhood, and gave to God and the cause of Right) who was killed gloriously before Flesquienes in France, having just saved his battalion by taking a German machine gun nest. He had fought in France, Egypt, Palestine, and again in France, where he was killed September 27, 1918, in a tremendous battle. He had also served as surgeon of the University of Virginia Ambulance before the United States went into the fight, having volunteered at the beginning with the American Red Cross, until his fighting blood got too much for him, and he took command of a company September, 1916, at Saloniki:

A Scarlet Rose-Cap

A Memory of Old Days.

Just only a scarlet rose-cap,
Warm, pressed tight by a childish hand—
Tossed into my lap at noonday
As he raced with his school-boy band.
But a token that he loved me,
It made me understand.

Oh, what but the palm of Victory!
Cold, lapsed, from a dying soldier's hand—
A message that came at noonday
From a battle on foreign strand.
But I knew it was because he loved me,
And it made me understand!

It told of a life's sad mystery,
Finished and wrought out in far-off land—
How he met the grim foe at noonday;

Fell—died—for his gallant soldier band.
Oh, I knew, then, how he loved me,
And, at last, could understand!

—JANE C. SLAUGHTER.

“Caps”

The Soldier's Good-night.

I rocked thee to rest, my soldier,
When a child upon my breast;
I heard thy drowsy crooning
As I hushed thee to thy rest.

Thou art gone on thy last Journey,
Far off from my faithful breast,
A long, hard, painful journey,
But, after it—“The Rest.”

Fighting a grim, stern battle;
Dying—upon thy quest—
With none to hear thy moaning,
Or soothe thee to thy rest.

But thine a victorious battle,
The blood-stained hero's crest,
And thine the great awakening,
Christ folded thee to rest.

Now, nevermore the marching
Of squadrons' footsteps, prest,
Nor war-torn banners flaunting
Shall keep thee from thy rest.

Now, nevermore the trampling
Of steeds shall rouse thy breast,
But thine a glorious dawning
For Heaven shall be thy rest.

They have laid thee to rest with honors,
A cross on thy pierced breast—
With the cross of thy Glorious Leader
In a soldier's grave to rest.

And so farewell, my soldier,
I leave thee on Christ's strong breast,
Thy Cross-crowned, pierced Redeemer
Is watching o'er thy rest.

Invictae Fidelitate's Praemium

In Memoriam to V. S.

Thy motto:
Of unconquered faith, the prize
And thou hadst it,
Ah, I saw it in thine eyes!
So soft, so dreamy, starlike, blue!
The eyes of those who die in youth,
Yet to Eternity, bear on the truth;
Prophetic eyes, sad earnest eyes,
Yet with the enkindling sword-steel flash, the spark
Under the broad brow's level, dark,
Of a man-warrior's deathless ire,
The victor flash, the heroic fire,
At shameful deeds,
Of him, who liveth, dieth true,
Yet dying, bleeds.

Thy strong motto:
The reward of an unconquerable faith!
And that reward?
Ah, thou hadst it, for *One* saith
And He, Jehova God, who cannot lie
"To him that overcometh will I give
A crown of life."
"For greater love than this no man hath, than for his
friends to die——"
Lay down his life that he again may live.
And thou didst overcome the heathen horde
Though by thee fell thy broken sword,
And thou wert faithful unto Death,
Didst give——

Thy life—with gallant leaders' fire and undismayed,
When from afar there seemed to play
Death's wild sad music,

Weird, windblown, harmones of pilroch, clarion,
 bugle, fife,
 Wilder than strains that led the Gothic Alaric,
 Wailing the death dirge of a million Allies then,
 Far over all that dark fateful field of fight,
 Where but the barrage fire gave light,
 To chastise wicked men,
 And the long reverberating roll,
 The roar of myriad, myriad thundering guns
 That fill the soul with silent terror, and afar,
 Belching from hoarse blackened throats came flames
 that mar
 The face of crouching Huns,
 Mid hissing, whining screams of modern war!

And then above the maddened crush!
 The hell that Hate and Horror brings
 For thee—the hush—
 No murmur, save of Heavenly things
 Quelling with Peace, Earth's tumult there,
 The wings of brightest angels, they who sing,
 And soaring, singing wing
 Invisible, the upper air,
 Floating again like white Valkyries of the past
 Above each lurid thundering blast
 Aloft to bear, from mortal pain
 From trampled plain,
 Above the sulphurous smoke, the din, the fire,
 The tumult and the bleeding sod,
 The souls of warrior-heroes, higher home to God.

But thy reward, the prize
 Of the deathless courage of thine eyes,
 The Victor crown of Life?
 Didst give Sweet Christ, who art our Morning Star,
 Its rise when he lay lonely on that foreign field of fright?
 Cold, dying, alone, upon that awesome field of blasting
 lurid light,
 To him, who did not yield,
 To him, that overcame, and in such fearful war
 To strive—
 And following such a drive—
 And in such strife—
 But just to fall, and bleed and die?
 His weak vision saw—"The crown of an Eternal Life"

And thine, Strong Christ, the promise,
 Ah, but he won it, The Omnipotent, who does not lie,
 One, Great God Jehovah, saith:
 "To-day thou art alive, arise,
 Behold, the opening door of Paradise,
 Oh, Mortal, don thy glorious immortality,
 For thee there is no Death."
 And hark! the vaulted Heavens wing,
 With us, the Prophets, Martyrs, joyous Angels sing—
 "Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?
 Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"


The Great Battalions Going West

A Requiem.

Gone? *Gone* West, my boy, my brave,
 Thou? whom I would have given my life to save!
 With thy rich, red heart's blood dying on Fair
 France's sod,
 Thy true, brave, white soul winging upward to
 thy God,
 When all our noblest, manliest, bravest, best
 Were joining the great Battalions "going West."
 West? In all the splendor of thy manhood!
Gone? In all the glory of thy youth?
Thou, undimmed by Earth's dark falsehood?
 Gladly, proudly, dying, there for God and Truth.
 With all our gentlest, bravest, purest best,
 Joining the great Battalions "going West."
 "Gone West," my faithful boy, my brave,
 Let no coward tears fall on thy far-off lonely grave!
 But prayer and praise and joy for the home-brought soul
 Re-echo adown the long years onward roll.
 Lent me a moment, Thou, yet on Heaven's quest,
 One, who rejoined the great Battalions going West.
 Gone, "Gone West," my boy, beloved one,
 Reverend I leave thee, there, with man's Greatest Son
 In Heaven's splendid, sunset halls of fame
 Mid the clarion choir of Angels
 Who do honor to His Name.
 With all the ransomed throng,
 Christ's soldiers, bravest, best,
 Who have joined the great Battalions going West.

JANE C. SLAUGHTER.

God Is Good

HROUGH the tall oak trees that shaded the yard of the tiny cottage could be seen the last rays of the setting sun. The brilliant colors that reminded one of the rainbow after an April shower were slowly but surely changing to somber grey. One—three—five minutes past and the last tip edge of the great red ball was gone.

Quiet reigned over the cottage and its occupants. Now and then a peal of shrill childish laughter broke the monotony of that chill November twilight. Flakes of the first snow of the winter were falling, silently covering the little cottage yard and the bright red roof. The soft white flakes forming the spotless blanket seemed a comfort and protection for that little lone cottage with its one service star shining through the window, on the summit of Bryant's Hill. The gaudy red tin mail box at the front gate had on it in large black letters, Philip Wescott. Ah! the sorrow that a piece of tin in the form of a mail box can bring to a happy home.

At this very moment inside the narrow front door sat the forlorn figure of a woman—it takes but few words to picture her—slight of figure; deep, expressive blue eyes, and a quantity of the blackest hair. At this particular time her eyes were swollen with weeping and in place of the neat coiffure was a mass of unarranged curls. A black wrapper of some flemisy material, instead of the bright colored voils that she usually wore, brought out the graceful lines of her figure. Her small shapely hands were tightly clasped—a pathetic figure indeed!

Grace Wescott was watching—watching—for what she thought would never come up that narrow dirt road. For an instant her eyes brightened—!! If—if it could be—but no, the old grey horse was slowly pulling the little blue mail wagon up the hill. It had stopped at the front gate and five-year old Benny, with his tiny terrier at his heels, was running as fast as his short legs

could carry him to reach the gate before the mail man left it. Eagerly he grasped the little bundle of mail handed him, and skipped to the cottage door.

"Mamma, do, please hurry and see if we have a letter from daddy; we haven't had one for lots and lots of days now." He was breathless from his run and could say no more. The sadness deepened in the mother's eyes.

"No, sonny, not today," she replied, without taking the mail from the child's extended hand, but clutched at her breast. A paper rattled slightly.

The mail man had brought that paper just one week ago, and it came from the United States Government, beginning—

Dear Madam:

We regret to inform you——

Tears glistened in Grace Wescott's eyes, though she smiled that sweet sad smile that only a mother can smile, as she looked down at her little son, eagerness personified.

"But, mamma dear, look here's a letter like the one you got last week and you said it was about daddy."

"Only particulars," she thought, and took the letter from the child.

Slowly and painstakingly she tore the envelope open, and from the Government heading she let her eyes wander down to,

"Dear Madam:

It gives us great pleasure to inform you of the mistake in our letter of the 18th——

She could read no further.

"Benny, daddy's coming home——!!"

Ten days later as an ambulance drew up at the little cottage gate and Phil Wescott painfully climbed into the waiting arms of his wife and child, Grace Wescott whispered, "God is good!"

CHRISTINE SHIELDS.


A Tribute to Wilson

Virginia, the mother of Presidents,
The mother of Jackson and Lee,
Virginia, the mother of America,
The beautiful, glorious and free;
But Virginia the mother of Wilson
Is the Virginia of Democracy.

He has in him the strength of her mountains
Rising so clean and blue,
And unto her ideals of freedom
He has been even true;
He has in him her love of justice
To the many and not to the few,
And her courage and determination
To do what 'tis right to do.

He has in him the faith of her valley,
With its face upturned to God,
And in him is the gentleness and bravery,
Of those who sleep 'neath her sod.
So in helping to guide the Nations
In choosing which course to plod,
We know they have a wise leader
And Democracy is wielding the rod.
—EDITH ESTEP.

When Billy Didn't Say his Prayers

 'M TOO sleepy to say my prayers to-night," said Billy as he snuggled down into the cover.

Billy Kennet was six years old and oh! so big and important. His mother had left him in charge of the family. This was Wednesday and she had left the Saturday before to visit an old school friend.

That morning after she had put on her hat she had called Billy to her and told him that as he was the oldest and the old nurse, Hannah, had as much as she could do to look after his two little sisters, he must take care of himself—that he was getting to be a man now and should help take care of his sisters. And he must take off his clothes every night, kneel by his little bed and say his prayers—then be very brave and put out the light before getting in bed.

Billy's chest swelled rounder as he listened, and he promised solemnly to do everything, especially not to forget his prayers.

This was, as I said, Wednesday. All day Saturday and Sunday he had been as perfect as you could wish a boy to be, and Monday he had gone off to school, feeling very important.

Was he not a man in charge of a family?

Monday and Tuesday nights he said his prayers and put out the light as his mother had told him, but Wednesday was such a busy day and he played ball after supper until time to go to bed.

He went upstairs slowly. He was *so* tired. He thought to himself, "I'm too tired to say my prayers to-night. I'll just put out the light real quick and nobody'll know."

He was in bed in a twinkling, and as he snuggled down into the covers he thought once that he ought to say his prayers, but he was "too sleepy," and it was "too dark out there now."

He lay there just resting and in what seemed a very few minutes he heard a soft rustling sound. He raised his head and saw perched on the foot of his bed a little black figure.

He had often heard of witches and he knew this was one. He fairly shook with terror and tried to pull the covers over his head, but he couldn't move. His eyes seemed glued to the figure. He gazed in fascinated horror. It was the ugliest face he had ever seen, old, sharp and wrinkled. But the eyes were wonderful—big and brown, and soft—just like his mother's eyes, and they were looking at him with the most sorrowful expression in the world.

After a while the witch began to speak and Billy trembled at every word:

“Once there was a little boy who wouldn't say his prayers,
And when he went to bed at night away upstairs
His mammie heard him holler and his daddy heard him
bawl,
But when they turned the covers down he wasn't there
at all.”

Where had he heard those words before? Oh! yes! He remembered now; his teacher had read them that morning. They all came to him as the witch continued:

“They searched him in the rafter-room, the cubby-hole
and press,
They searched him up the chimney-flue, and every-
where, I guess,
But all they ever found of him was his pants and round-
a-bout,
And the goblins 'll get you *if you don't look out*.”

With this Billy felt himself snatched from his bed and whisked into space, finally hitting something that sent sharp pains all through his body.

When he awoke he was lying on the floor beside his bed and the morning sun was peeping under his curtains.

What do you think was the first thing Billy did?

E. ESTEP.

Sieze the Opportunity

You may not be a genius in the literary world,
You may not be a Dickens or a Poe;
You may not write a treatise on the customs of to-day
Or an essay on events of long ago.

Perhaps you cannot write a song like George M. Cohan wrote,
Or write a play for actors to enact;
You may not prove a theory some scientist propounds
Or be the author of a famous tract.

No doubt you are quite ignorant of the cause of all unrest
In labor circles going on to-day,
You may not know the author of the latest book of poems,
Or the name of actors in the latest play.

But do not be discouraged if you cannot write the things
That make a person famous in a day;
Or if you cannot discourse on the strikes and politics
Or criticize the newest book or play.

A greater thing than all of these that you can do to-day
That proves you loyal to the White and Blue;
Write something for the student publication of this school,
THE FOCUS, that is published just for you.

It may be a short story, a poem or a theme,
An essay, school song, a joke or two;
Just send it to the editors, make this year's FOCUS best
That e'er was published by the White and Blue.

—FRANCES CURRIE.

THE FOCUS

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No. 1.

Editorials

THE LITERARY SOCIETY SITUATION

About one-half of the student body answered the questionnaires on literary societies, and from these a few facts have been obtained.

The questionnaires were divided into three groups—group A, consisting of the students who have had experience in the literary societies in this school; group B, consisting of those who have had experience elsewhere, and group C, consisting of those who have had no experience. Nearly half the number having had experience have held offices and 35 per cent of the number have represented their societies in public, the A group representing a majority which shows that students have a somewhat greater opportunity for appearing in public here than they have had elsewhere.

Seventy-seven per cent of the students of all groups think that society work is worthwhile; they realize that by becoming a member of a good society a girl may have her horizon broadened, her timidity conquered, her self-control increased, and her powers of thought and expression stimulated.

However, there is a drop of 20 per cent from the B group to the A group, which shows that something is the matter with the work here, making it less worthwhile than elsewhere.

A large majority of students think that society work is needed in this school, but very few give suggestions as to how it should be carried on. Of those who said it is not needed only a few gave suggestions to what could take its place.

Seventy-five per cent of the total members desired scholarship requirement, the largest single percentage being in the A group. This signifies that those who have had experience here value the high standard of scholarship that is encouraged and upheld by the literary societies; also that they do not consider a girl who falls below the average grade required capable of doing the extra work incumbent upon the members of a society of this nature.

Fifty per cent desire closed societies and 73 per cent desire separate high school societies, 80 per cent desire student control with honorary faculty members having advisory responsibility and eligible to only one society.

The fact that only about half of the student body answered the questionnaires shows that there is a decided lack of interest on the part of the other half. As long as this lack of interest prevails the societies cannot meet with a very great success. The first thing that should be done is to awaken an interest and a co-operative spirit throughout the whole student body. How this shall be done is a question, but a few suggestions may lead to an ultimate answer.

Within the societies there should be an opportunity for a greater number of the members to take part in the work. There are girls who have been members for quite a length of time who have never appeared on the program or taken any definite active part in the work. This is not always the fault of the girl, but has been the result of a lack of opportunity, and a situation of this sort does much to inhibit a growth of interest.

The responsibility of the society is too often assumed by a few while the others sit back and look on wondering why things are not as they should be. If those who do sit back would unite their efforts with the others to *make* things as they should be the society would meet with greater success.

Too often the mistake of relying upon the faculty for everything is made. The advice of the faculty is needed in some instances and is always gladly and freely given, but the initiative should be taken by the students.

There seems to prevail among a great number of students the habit of speaking in an uncomplimentary way of literary societies, especially of how they are going down. Although the fact that they are going down may be true to some extent, just at present, that kind of support will not raise them up very quickly and it is the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of the societies and even of the school, to correct that impression. Why not begin right at once to summon up some society spirit and talk about what they are going to do in the future and what a controlling force they will be in the school? Let us all unite to make a new and sure foundation of that loyal school spirit we wish to see strongly developed in the ranks of every literary society!

BETTER SPEECH WEEK

It is said that the most needed thing of the American people to-day is the safeguarding of the American language. The threatening invasion of foreign expressions, the realization that we have no standard American speech, and the establishment of English as the universal language of the future, have recently awakened us to this need.

When the question of what was to be done arose, campaigns for better English were begun all over the country, and the Better Speech Week was originated. It was found to be by far the most successful method used for reaching all people and soliciting their interest and co-operation. The first Better Speech Week was observed in September, 1915, in the Eastern District High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. Since 1916 almost every State in the Union has had somewhere within its border a speech week. Virginia was among the first of these. Better English campaigns were conducted

in the Farmville, Harrisonburg, Radford and Fredericksburg State Normal Schools in the fall of 1916, and the University of Virginia observed its first Better Speech Week in 1917 at the Summer Normal School.

As never before, our slang, illiterate, ungrammatical and slovenly expressions have been publicly proclaimed by the Better Speech Week's monstrous placards, and accusing jingles. Not only have we learned that we make mistakes, and that they are practically universally made among us, but also that we are giving such expressions, such mistakes, to our foreign population as their only English language. Since we have not a national standard, it is even more important that we cherish the best that is in our language. We should cherish our best to give to our alien citizens, and guard it against their increeping foreign expressions. We of the South are especially responsible for maintaining the purity of our English since we have the purest Anglo-Saxon traditions.

Pure, better and more American speech should be our slogan, and with such an ideal before us we will attain the best, which Dr. Scott has said will be the speech "which without strain, waste, or affectation gives adequate utterance to the best that is in the American character."

H. D.

LIBRARY CONSIDERATION

We have all been at S. N. S. long enough to know that if it has a watchword it is co-operation. We hear it on every side, and nightly; but in no place is it needed more than in the library.

This is your library, not yours individually, but collectively, but it is what you *individually* make it.

You *all* complain about wasting time in the library trying to find a book. Did you ever stop to think that if you *learned how* to find that book before you tried to find it instead of wandering aimlessly around you would save a great deal of time then and an endless amount in the future?

This is taking it from a purely selfish and individual viewpoint. But it will also mean co-operation on your part with the librarian and the method of administration. And if when you find a book you leave it on the table rather than place it in the wrong place on the shelves after using unless it be an encyclopedia or any other large reference book which you can easily replace correctly; you will be further co-operating.

When you come into the library you oftentimes slam the door and with perfectly good intentions "plant" your feet heavily on the floor with every step. You grumble about the confusion "you just can't study," and you fuss mightily about it, your voice growing louder and higher and thus the confusion continues. This is all thoughtlessness, I know, and when you laugh aloud at some joke it is thoughtlessness also; but if we would be happy we must learn to think and to think especially of others.

There is a world of inspiration, information and joy in the library. The best literature and thought of all the ages is there for the taking, but if you would get the best you must give the best. You must learn to co-operate.

E. D. E.

Here and There

On October 7 the Hon. Montaville Flowers spoke in the Auditorium. His subject was: "The Highway to Happiness," and showed a great knowledge of and insight into national and international interests and questions.

The second number of the Star course was given October 21. This was an exceptionally fine quartet. The artists were gifted and noted and the selections perfectly rendered.

Y. W. C. A. News

On Saturday, September 27, a unique entertainment for the new girls was presented in the Auditorium by the Y. W. C. A. in the form of a publication entitled "The Pictorial Review." The attractions were strikingly presented and much pleasure was derived from them by the entire audience.

Miss Mary Fleming, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke to the student body on October 24. She impressed upon us the importance of our school being represented by its full quota of students at the quadrennial Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Des Moines, Iowa, from December 31, 1919, to January 4, 1920.

It was later voted that we send our full quota to this convention, and the Promotion Committee is at work completing the necessary plans.

We had a most interesting phase of mountain work presented to us on October 20, when Miss Sallie Dickenson told of her work in Rockbridge county.

The Y. W. C. A. immediately took action, and it was decided that this organization aid materially in carrying on this most worthy work.

Miss Woodruff, Miss Coulling, and Miss Harriet Purdy attended a World Fellowship Conference for the South Atlantic Field, held at Richmond, Va., October 14 and 15.

The purpose of this conference was to study about the women of the world with the women who knew them.

The following is a list of the national secretaries who were present at this conference, and the subject on which they spoke:

Miss Taylor.....	"Girls of Europe"
Mrs. Eddy.....	"Girls of the Orient"
Miss Conde.....	"Girls of South America"
Miss Holmquist.....	"Girls of America"

A very interesting and instructive talk on "The New Womanhood of the World" was given by Miss Amy Smith, executive secretary of the South Atlantic Field of the Y. W. C. A., on October 28, at the evening prayer service. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

On the following morning at chapel, Miss Smith told us about the National Y. W. C. A. budget, after which she presented in a most pleasing way our own Y. W. C. A. budget.

The following girls have been elected by the student body to attend the Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Des Moines, Iowa: Miss Ethel Gildersleeve, Miss Mary Finch, Miss Lilly Thornhill, Miss Elizabeth Moring, Miss Grace Stover.

Dr. Jarman was elected by the faculty to attend the same convention.

Hit or Miss

Second Grade Teacher—"We are going to sing 'America.' I want every one to stand up just as straight as you can and be proud that you live in America."

A few minutes later—"Johnnie, why aren't you standing up?"

Johnnie—"I don't live in America; I live in the country."

Teacher in Phonics—"Now, we have had Mother, Father and Sister. I am thinking of something I love *very much*. You listen carefully and tell me what it is. Bruh-Bruh."

Little Boy in the Back Room—"Oh, I know; I know—Boys!"

Miss Randolph in 2d Prof. History Class—"We will continue the lesson on the Hebrews to-day. Miss Moses, will you lead the discussion?"

Clerk at Garland & McIntosh's—"All seats through S and T have been taken."

New Girl—"Well, then, I'll have to sit on *U*."

Miss Lash—"Give the the plural to the word foot."

Pupil—"Toes, of course."

New Girl from the Eastern Shore (walking up High Street)—
"How wonderful to be up here in the mountains! Look at that peak (Willis Mountain), *how* it towers above the others!"

SUPPOSE

Suppose—

Mr. Grainger got to class on time.

Mrs. Bretnall said, "You will *have* to do this."

Miss Ashton said, "Don't hurry; you may have the whole period to answer this question."

Miss Munoz called everybody a "beautiful doll" instead of a "dummy."

Miss Taliaferro stamped her foot.

Dr. Jarman insisted that there was too much *co-operation*.

Mr. Lear said, "We won't argue this point, I'm convinced *you* are right."

Miss Randolph told her European history class the lesson "couldn't have been better."

Miss McLester said, "Don't believe anything *Chubb* says."

Miss Wheeler folded her hands in ecstasy and said, "At last I've found a great interpreter! Please read that *exactly* as you did before."

Miss Stubbs said, "There is no Rural problem."

Mr. Coyner said, "The study of Psychology and Education is such a bore."

Mr. Bretnall insisted on all the girls at S. N. S. wearing French heels.

Dr. Tidyman said, "All the teaching seniors are perfect."

And all the other members of the faculty said, "You need not prepare any lessons for me to-morrow because I can see how overworked you are."

This wouldn't be S. N. S.

Exchanges

"The Tattler" has all departments well filled. *"Kajah"* is interesting but rather long. *"Warriendum Est"* is quite an attractive idea, for, as you say, there is always a great deal of such material available in a college community.

"The Critic" is certainly well rounded. The stories are short and interesting. *"Useful—That's All"* shows true experience. We all enjoyed the number of good jokes.

Directory

CLASSES

FOURTH PROFESSIONAL

Ethel Gildersleeve President

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Mildred Dickenson	Assistant Literary Editor
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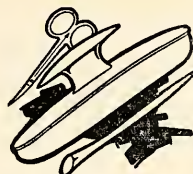


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